VOL. 17 NO. 423 NOVEMBER 23 1889. PRICE 10 CENTS.

Judge

ENTERED AT THE POST OFFICE AT NEW YORK AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER, COPYRIGHT 1889 BY THE JUDGE PUBLISHING CO..

WHY THE BIG FELLOW WAS BEATEN.

"I was just too lazy to fight, you know."

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK.
Publisher - - W. J. ARKELL.
Art Department - BERNHARD GILLAM.
Editor - - - I. M. GREGORY.

TERMS TO SUBSCRIBERS.
UNITED STATES AND CANADA, IN ADVANCE.
One copy, one year, or 52 numbers - $5.00
One copy, six months, or 26 numbers - 2.50
One copy, for 13 weeks - - - 1.25
Single copies, 10 cents each.

FOREIGN SUBSCRIPTIONS—To all foreign countries in the postal union, $6 a year.

THE JUDGE PUBLISHING COMPANY (JUDGE BUILDING)
Cor. Fifth Ave. and 16th St., New York.

☞ *We guarantee advertisers a larger circulation at cheaper rates than any other American satirical paper published.*
The JUDGE *is for sale at Brentano's, 17 Avenue de l'Opera, Paris, and at Brentano's, 430 Strand, London.*

IT REALLY looks as if the Campbells had got here, being at present located in Ohio.

* * *

THEY NEEDN'T make fun of R. P. Flower's speeches. His money talks first-rate anyhow.

* * *

THE PEOPLE are entitled to street-music if they want it, but it is a great pity they want it.

* * *

PATTI has bleached her hair. That is evidence not of gray hair, but a lack of gray tissue in her understanding.

* * *

THE LAW has finally admitted that Dr. Cronin is dead, and that is a long legal step in the direction of justice.

* * *

THE CAMPAIGN liar never regrets his inventions. His disappointment is worked off by hating the successful party.

* * *

GENERAL BOULANGER is still familiar to many. He is often visited, for instance, by his tailor and his landlord.

* * *

IN THE making of tickets by the New York *Sun* there is no end; but in the adoption and election of *Sun* tickets there is no beginning.

* * *

AN EXCHANGE says women have the best of men in the matter of head-wear. They certainly do when the bill comes in.

* * *

IT IS to be observed that the legislature of this state will send to the United States senate the same kind of man it has been in the habit of sending for a long time back.

* * *

THE WONDER is that Mahone, instead of bringing out his shot-gun, did not march upon and destroy the entire Democratic party. Mahone has a bad temper and he used to be dangerous.

* * *

WOMEN are not opposed to women holding office as school commissioners or otherwise; but it always transpires that the selected women are the very ones who ought not to have the office.

* * *

THE DEMOCRATS are now counting upon the United States senate two years hence, but we recall the fact that they have been counting upon the kingdom of heaven for the last hundred years.

* * *

GOOD LUCK to Thomas F. and Mary Willing Bayard; and it seems in sending out the wish as if Augustus Garland had never been born and the rest of that cabinet had died a hundred years ago.

* * *

MR. CLEVELAND expects to be the candidate as a result of the late unpleasantnesses, dwelling particularly on the tariff issue; and Governor Hill expects to be the candidate because, as he holds, there is no tariff issue worth the mention.

TOO LONG FOR HER TO WAIT.

MRS. MCNAMARA—"Will yez hurry, man? It's late t' choorch we'll be."
MCNAMARA—"Oi hov only me upper lip t' shave, dar-rlin'."
MRS. MCNAMARA—"Oi t'ink Oi'll go on mesilf an' meet yez comin' back."

THERE are some things not at all gloomy in the recent elections, and the defeat of Mr. Mahone of Virginia is not the least of them. The brigadier has been in power by far too long, and there is nothing so good in all his publicity since he was born as his burial under the avalanche of forty thousand votes.

* * *

PRESIDENT HARRISON has not the time or the disposition to watch every local contest, even if it be as large as a state contest; and all common-sense will credit him with the truth of the assertion that he had no more to do with the canvass of Brigadier Mahone than if such a man had never been born.

* * *

NEW-YORKERS quarrel like very earnest men over the details of great enterprises like the world's fair; but when the details are arranged they act as one individual, and they do not put on paper any money which they are indisposed or unable to contribute. That is a little joke for the two smart little places known as Chicago and St. Louis.

IT HAS RAINED.

THERE ARE no dried leaves this autumn. The crisp air of autumn is not here. The trees are without color. The leaves hang limp and dead or are mashed by the foot of the pedestrian deeper into the mud with which they assimilate. It has rained. The rain began in January and has run through pretty steadily to the date of this paper. When it hasn't rained it has snowed, and the snow has speedily become slush, like the matter of a Democratic newspaper. There used to be a glorious October, and that ran happily into the crisp and more lovely autumn. The terms are familiar. The facts exist no more. It has rained. Without mentioning the recent elections, it has rained perpetually, ceaselessly, dismally, drizzle and pitchfork, and all the varieties. Oh, where shall the soul find rest?

THE UNION OF PRAISE.

IN ONE OF THE YEARS of the civil war this state had two thanksgiving days, one selected by President Lincoln and the other by Governor Horatio Seymour. The governor was a pure and a great man; but he had the Democratic disposition, then as now quite prevalent, to complain of everything that was and yearn for everything that could not be had. President Lincoln furnished the precedent of a national thanksgiving, and to-day every governor sees its propriety and acknowledges its appropriateness. We are not a nation of sovereign states or smaller sovereign localities, but a nation every part of which is affected by the prosperity or the misfortune of the sovereign whole. And no rights of any state or any individual are hurt thereby. It is union for the sake of harmony and prosperity, and union in praise of the source from which all blessings come.

THANKS FOR THE COMING VICTORY.

IT IS presumable that the coming thanksgiving will have various meats on the political table. The prohibitionists at the dry end of the board will find their larder scant of nutrition, and the anticipated supplies shriveled down to peppered crow. The Democracy will be able to construct a comfortable picket of full bottles around their expanded side-board. The Republicans will look with an air of regret at the faded bouquet of last year's flowers, which they had perhaps hoped to keep perennial and fresh. There is one thing that will be in common, however—no plate around the board but will have its biting reinforcement of pickles, and every guest the next day will carry around a reminiscent or an existing dyspepsia.

To change the illustration, an ebb year in politics has its lessons and its uses. The inflowing tide of a great national excitement, with its wall of masterful water overflowing and filling each pitfall, and sweeping away all the wrecks and rottenness along the beach, only lifts its plunging and purifying crest when pulled by the irresistible attraction of a higher force. The ship of state, with its cargo of weighty and important freight, rides

over bar and shallow to its harbor only at high tide. Because the waters recede the sea is not drying up. If the stately vessel now and then plunges its prow in the mud, will not patience and some waiting see it lifted again, and prove that commerce has not ceased?

. . . . . .

The Democracy is always great in an off year. Its winnings are in driving back a skirmish-line; not in the success of a great battle.

The Republican voters, a majority of them, live at country distances from the polls. The bulk of Democratic voters are in the large cities, and are barnacled close to the ballot-box. The voter that waits for persuasion is chiefly of Democratic preference, and always on call. The unpersuadable is frequently, unless under pressure, indifferent. In the state of New York the canal vote is larger in number than the flitting mugwump. From Buffalo to Albany and from Whitehall to Troy, two weeks before election, a little army of cleaners of useless ditches absorb the appropriation, and wave their shovels and the Democratic ballot. The defeat in Ohio of Foraker and a third term was through a reinforcement of Republican protestation. Massachusetts and Iowa, stirred by no enthusiasm, were not dead but apathetic. Furthermore, many credulous people, who believed that the advent of a Republican national administration would be the lifting of the curtain of an industrial millenium, were disappointed in the non-appearance of a financial glory. Impatience is our national characteristic. The seed sown to-day we expect to give harvest to-morrow. We plant a dollar at sunset and look for its mushrooming into a fortune in the morning, forgetting that solid growths are slow and not sudden. The Republican party has rested from national control absolutely for four, and partially, through the Democratic control of the house of representatives, for fifteen years. The reviving touch of its recent resurrection is hardly yet felt. The coming congress, even with its scant majority, will be in accord with, not in antagonism to, the administration. Once more the party of progress will lift up its voice and be able to be heard. The confidence that a policy definite and assured will be projected and enforced will heal industry of its wounds and once more revive its strength and vigor.

J. A.

NO ART NECESSARY.

MISS BERRI—"I think that villain's acting is the most realistically horrible of any I ever witnessed."

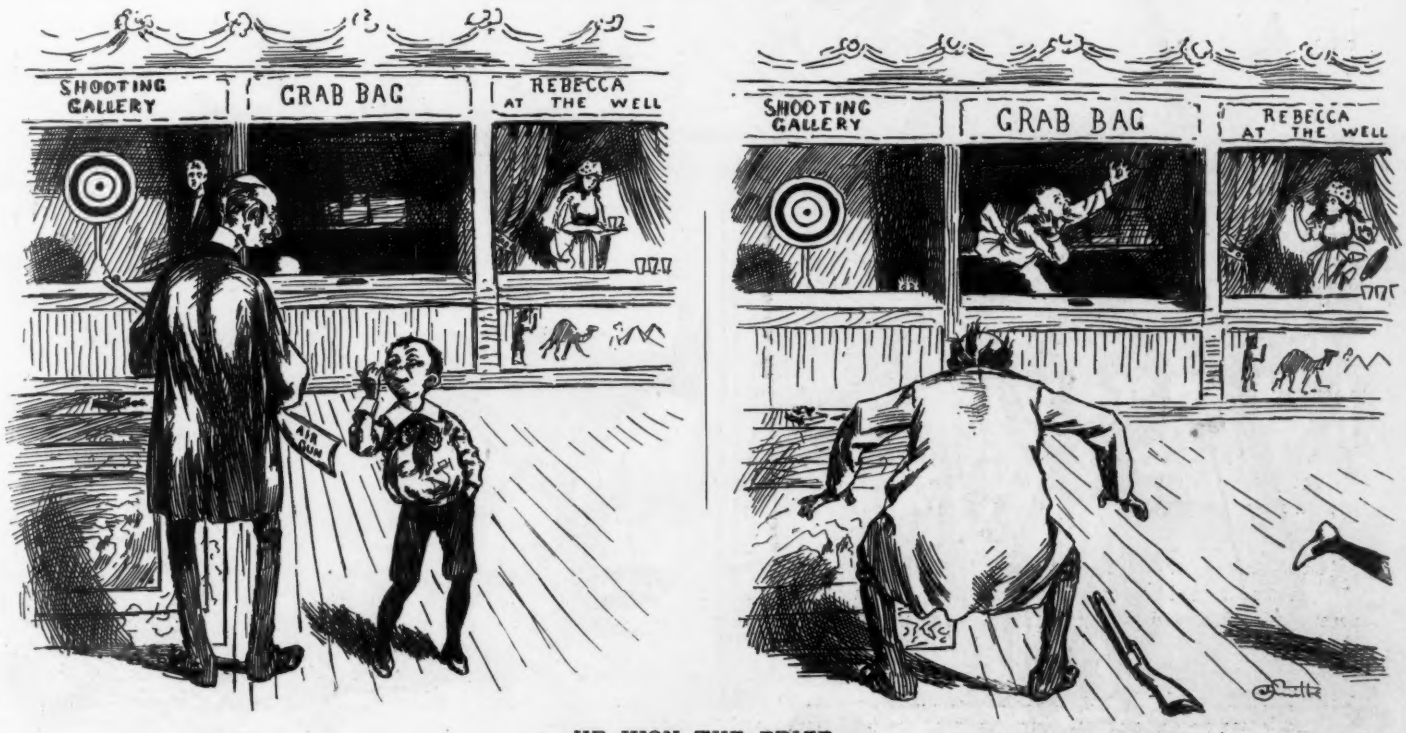
MR. DERWENTWATER—"It's easy for him, as all he has to do is to be perfectly natural. He married Miss Strong, the heiress, the day before her father lost every cent he had in the world."

THE WAY TO WIN SUCCESS.

TWO KINDS of crank were left out in the late election in this state, the mugwump and the prohibitionist. Without them the Republican party is better than it is with them. Nobody supposes that either of them is killed. Some hens live as long after their heads are off as if they had just begun to cackle; and both of these superfluous wings will flutter after the bodies to which they assume to belong are buried. The Republican party, the bravest party that ever existed, has acted the part of a coward in its associations with these people. As the JUDGE said before the recent election, it is of no use to try to conciliate persons whose purpose in living is to work your injury or death.

As the JUDGE said again, there should have been a platform plainly advocating a higher license for the larger liquors, and a nominal one for the smaller ones. With such a platform and with the utmost indifference as to radical temperance people, at the same time advocating common-sense in the filling of office by appointment, with indifference to the opinions of the people who facetiously call themselves civil-service reformers, the Republican party can recover from all the humiliation it has suffered through trying to save or capture the votes of individuals and factional organizations who bring it nothing but injury when they come within its fold.

A SNOW-STORM lasting eight days in New Mexico irresistibly reminded one of the great political blizzard of the previous Tuesday.



HE WON THE PRIZE.

NAUGHTY PETER (*at our church fair*)—"Don't say nothin', but if you hit the ball in that stall on th' right you git a free oyster-stew in th' vestry."

——"Come on an' git the stew!"

HUM OF THE COURT.

THERE MAY still be a few prohibitionists, but they have not the strength of their convictions or their beverages.

A PAPER says the result of the late elections amounted to a tidal wave. How ridiculous! It was, of course, a tidal deluge.

THE EAGLE, according to Lillie Deveraux Blake, is a hen. That shows what women know of birds. The eagle just at this time, dear, is a turkey.

THE BEST CURE for sleeplessness is to set your alarm-clock so it will strike every five minutes. Nobody ever yet failed to be sleepy when that clock struck.

NOT EXACTLY A MARTIAL FIGURE.

UNCLE HOLBACK—"It was this way, mother—I've heerd my ole gran'father tell of it many's th' time. Gineral Washin'ton stood jest this way on th' banks of th' river an' "——
AUNTIE HOLBACK—"Hiram, ef he looked th' way you do this minute them Cont'nentals would'r chucked him in an' pulled th' ice over him."

THE REPEATED production of Governor Hill's startling confession, "I am a Democrat," unavoidably reminds one of the prisoner's remark to the judge, "I am guilty, your honor—guilty, guilty, guilty."

WE HAVE ceased to look with expectation for startling news from Henry M. Stanley, because Henry is one of those men who persistently disappoint their friends by not getting into scrapes from which they are unable to escape.

A FEW DAYS ago William Mahone weighed one hundred and five pounds. If he could pull himself together sufficiently to be weighed at this moment probably the beam would tip him at considerably less than nothing—and that's his appropriate avoirdupois.

WE HAVE frequently said that Joseph Benson Foraker should not have called Grover Cleveland a dog, no matter what the dimensions of Grover's collar.

THE WORST prohibitionist is the man who would like to prohibit opinion, and that is the kind of idiot who calls himself a prohibitionist to-day.

IT IS THOUGHT by the Utica *Observer* that, the prince of Wales being afflicted with Bright's disease, all his American admirers will have that disease too; but that is too much to expect.

A PAPER accuses Mr. Depew of chestnuts. Every man is given to that sort of reproduction; but it must be said that Chauncey puts his chestnuts in fresh, green burrs, precisely as he dresses his casual language.

A MEMBER of a little German band who was found helpless by a policeman, owing to an overflow of beer, said in response to an inquiry that he felt as if he were the victim of a band-sagger; whereupon the policeman killed him on the spot.

THE WAY to fight an open opponent is to down him; and the way to fight an opponent who assumes to be a friend is to down him twice and then kick him so he will be glad to stay there. There are a few radical temperance men in this state who may understand what these words mean.

WE HAVE never said that the editor of the *Saratogian* was a sneak-thief, because he never descends to such slight dishonesty as that. What he prides himself on is his ability as an American Jack-the-ripper, and we do not propose to detract from his dignity as a colossal scoundrel. It is well to be fair, and we trust this explanation will suffice.

"BILL SCOTT" is a name printed in the *Sun*. The Hon. William L. Scott claims to be the greatest railroad man on earth; but he wrote to a slight contemporary railroad, "For heaven's sake send along that annual pass!" It shocks us to see the name of a great man used with such irreverence; but there is a prevailing remark among some western miners that "Bill Scott" is good enough for Bill.

THE ATHLETICS OF NEW ROME.

TELEGRAPH LINEMAN—"Look out there, Italy!!"

MRS. FRINGPETTI—"Alla right, Irish!"

NOT VERSED IN ITALIAN HISTORY.

IN A LIBRARY.

"I should like something a little historical in character."

"How would 'The Last Days of Pompeii' suit you?"

"Hum! What did he die of?"

"An eruption, I believe."

A CURED HEARTACHE.

OH, DEAR lost heartache—sweetest pain,
When hours were weeks and weeks were years,
And eyes had always room for tears.

How blest it was to pine and sigh,
To wait for letters, sick at heart
Of hope deferred—to kiss and part

On dim street corners in the rain;
To win a smile or madly feel
A frown divide the soul like steel.

Oh, loveliest misery! Why, why
Did we curtail that happy grief,
Or make one darling pang more brief?

For now the days are simply—days.
We part each morn, each night we meet;
We kiss and yawn, we talk and eat

In married life's calm peaceful ways.
But, oh, for those dear woes abjured,
And the sweet heartache that is cured!

M. S. P.

"EVER TO BE BLEST."

"WHAT is the happiest day of one's life?"

"To-morrow?"

STYLE.

A PREVAILING fashion along the river-fronts in summer—Undressed kids.

HANDSOME IS AS HANDSOME DOES.

Robson—"Where are you bound?"

Remsen—"Up to ask my pretty cousin to marry me."

Robson—"Well, good luck to you."

Remsen—"Thanks, dear boy."

Robson (an hour later)—"Well, did your pretty cousin say yes?"

Remsen—"No; the homely thing refused me."

ON THE HORNS OF A DILEMMA.

PROWLING JENNISON—"Bose, ole dog, I's been a-thinkin' so hahd 'bout dat liddle Cupples gal dat I done fergit jess when we stahted. Ef hit wuz airly las' night dat's sunrise in d' east, an' ef hit wuz late dis mornin' dat's sunset in d' west. Reck'n we's bettah wait 'n see which way d' ole fire-ball's gwine ter jump."

AN UNSUCCESSFUL PUNISHMENT.

WARDEN OF TOWN LOCK-UP—"Put him in there and we'll starve him into submission!"

HOW MEN ARE DRIVEN TO DRINK.

AT THE THEATRE.

First sitter—"This is a pretty good play."

Second sitter—"Yes; very satisfactory."

First sitter—"Would you mind joining me in a glass to its success?"

Second sitter—"Not at all." (They go out.)

Third sitter—"Beastly bad play, this."

Fourth sitter—"Yes; tough, isn't it?"

Third sitter—"Let's go out and have a drop and try to forget it."

Fourth sitter—"With pleasure." (They go out.)

A SERMON.

THOUGH you may not be strong,
It is better to fight
Than admit you are wrong
When you know you are right.

ON THE WAY.

"I UNDERSTAND that you are quite gone on Miss Wood."

"No; not quite, but going."

VERY INCONSISTENT.

"MAMMA, why do they hunt tigers and lions?"

"Because they kill the poor little sheep."

"Then," asks Tommy, after a moment's reflection, "why don't they hunt the butchers as well?"

THEY MADE A SPLENDID BOARD.

Bagley—"Well, old man, I'll expect you to-night."

Bailey—"I'll be there."

Bagley—"Oh, by-the-bye, if you don't mind you might wear your new trousers and we can have a game of chess."

THE PRISONER (*that night*)—"Cale Streggers ain't loafed at d' mason's trade all he's life fer nuffin'."

THE WARDEN (*at the end of third day*)—"Bring him out and we'll see how he feels."

THE PRISONER—"'Spects you'll hab t' inlarge d' doah, boss.'"

CHANGED.

WE, WHO were lovers so warm and near
When spring's young buds were growing,
Walk to-day through the woodlands drear
With the dead leaves round us blowing.

Here is the path where my timid arm
First dared in its clasp to fold her,
And here by the clear stream's songful charm
Her cheek first touched my shoulder.

And yonder—what passionate dream is this—
What breath through the silence sobbing?
The pulsing thrill of an endless kiss,
Or the sound of a heart's wild throbbing?

We walk as of old, but we walk apart,
Through the well-known nooks and spaces;
We stand no more with heart pressed to heart
In the lonely beautiful places.

But I follow mutely her footstep slow
Through the cool bright autumn weather,
Because—we were married six months ago
And are used to being together.

MADELINE S. BRIDGES.

OLD CHOCOLATE'S JOCOSERIOUS CHAT.

W'EN yo' ah hungry de dinnah ah late.
De cowshus huntah gits a shawt range.
Ole Dinah kin darnse, but dar's no fun in hit.
De biggah de boss de proudah de hiah'd man.
Countin' yo' chickens won't keep um f'om de weasel.

Ef people didn' t'ink 'tan't so, de gravel-stone ud be wuff ez much ez de di'mond.

Ef yo' doan' value a hoss fo' de stall he am in, w'y shu'd yo' value a man fo' de house he okepies?

Git in de habit ob totin' yo' nabah's bu'dens an' bimeby yo' ull git nuffin' but yo' grunts fo' yo' pains.

J. A. WALDRON.

A FOOT TO THE WISE IS SUFFICIENT.

MAGNUM TALLEYRAND (*the soldier of fortune*)—"It queers me what a lot of litery 'bility goes ter waste in this town. Dat under sign ain't needed a bit."

THE WILES OF AVARICE.

THEY were talking about the petty depredations of servants.

"Do you know what old Skinflint used to do to tell whether his maid-servant had been stealing sugar?"

"No; what did he do?"

"Why, shut up a fly inside the bowl. If it was still there on his return he knew that the cover had probably not been very long off."

CAUSE AND EFFECT.

IN THIS, oh, all too silent hour of night,
Unto my fancy adumbrations rise
Of a fair face in such transcendent guise
There is no fathoming my deep delight.
A classic form in gossamer bedight,
A radiant smile that surely pain defies,
Unthought-of grace and love-illumined eyes,
Around her queenly head a halo bright.
And yet, alas! I know no maid so sweet,
No beauteous lass with such inspiring ways,
And with the dawn the fantasy doth die;
But e'er the splendid vision do I meet
Within my troubled dreams upon those days
When I partake o'er-copiously of pie!

NATHAN M. LEVY.

NOT IN THE DICTIONARY.

Genius—The twin-brother of madness.

Happiness—The price of being commonplace.

The picturesque—The artistically uncomfortable.

Prudery—A wig which always covers a bare spot.

Friendship—An agreement for mutual toleration.

Hereafter—The whip-lash of the religious wage-earner.

Poet—A man who give words to the thoughts of humanity.

Economy—The ability to save when you have something to save out of.

Patriot—A man who might have been hung for a rebel if he had been unsuccessful.

Propriety—A veneering which warps many a fine-grained nature while it preserves and conceals many a coarse-grained one. ALGERNON TASSIN.

A HORRID REJOINDER.

MISS MCHUGH—"What a perfectly lovely belt! Is it snake-skin?"

MRS. YARDWIDE (*of Cincinnati*)—"Oh, no. They're all out of style with us. We're very particular at home you know to be always dressed *ow fate*."

MISS CRISP—"Perhaps it's sausage-skin then."

A SURETY.

WHEN sad with life's burdens I've smiled them away
By remembrance of joys in an earlier day,
When my heart was so light that no care cast a shade,
And woe was the mist that an April shower made.
I ask not the solace of pleasures unknown—
Fate ruleth the future, the past is my own.

O, tender the glance from her soft eyes of brown;
O, merry the shouts as we came by the town;
While laughter and wit flowed in harmony sweet,
As our sail caught the breeze at the head of the fleet,
And over the waters faint music was blown—
Fate, keep thou the future, the past is my own!

A little hand pressed me—a pouting lip kissed—
I stole still another; it could not be missed!
Our skipper, discreet as a sphinx, turned to sight
The steamer that started up out of the night;
So we and the stars were together—alone!
Fate, take thou the future, the past is my own!

Ah, memory, thou goddess whose mirrors reflect
The sins that we do and the things we neglect,
Hold up once again that sweet evening of yore
When we studied so fondly young love's witching lore;
Could my heart make a choice it were fashioned of stone!
No, fate rule the future, the past is my own!

And so, through the story of life as it runs—
Its darkness, its sorrows, its shadows, its suns—
There is always this glory and peace we may keep,
Though hope seems to mock us and faith lies asleep:
The bliss we have had still is ours, dearer grown—
Whatever the future, the past is our own.

CORA LINN DANIELS.

JUST BEFORE LUNCH.

MRS. HARTIGAN—"Pfwhat are yez dramin' of Parthrick?"
MR. HARTIGAN—"I wor t'inkin' pfwhat a mighty fine bafe-shteak thot rooster has on th' hid of him."

A DOUBLE MISFORTUNE.

ONE Washington market woman to another Washington market woman.

"And so your husband has broken his leg. How unfortunate!"

"I should say so. Why, Nancy Muggins! do you know that only last week I spent five good dollars in buying that unlucky ne'er-do-weel a new pair of boots?"

OUGHT TO RUN HIM DOWN.

Chicago detective—"I understand that the chief has hired a special artist to look out for Murderer Hanson."

Subordinate—"What good is a special artist in cases of that kind?"

Chicago detective—"Why, man! don't you know that the special artist is always 'on the spot'?"

HE FOLLOWED INSTRUCTIONS.

Irate wife—"John Hawkins, you were brought home on a shutter again last night. I want you to understand that this is to be the last time."

John Hawkins—"Yes, Matilda."

The next evening he made the boys promise to take him home in a wheelbarrow, as his wife objected to shutters.

A FRUITFUL DISASTER.

MISS WEAKINS (*in the background*)—"Dat yer Mistah Cowles am d' mos' gracefullest gonnleman in d' room. Jess look how nice he leans hisself ovah fer t' heah whad Miss Jakeson's gotter say."

MR. COWLES—"Any coon what'll leabe lemmin-peel on d' flo' orter be massacreed!"

SHOCKI

OCKING!

LIZZIE B.

ALWAYS hed a sassy look,
Thet thar Lizzie B.
Somethin' 'bout her sort-uh took
Po'rful holt on me.
Yit she wasn't no way fair,
Hed a awkward gait,
Full o' tricks ez eggs o' meat,
Couldn't look yeh straight.

Kind-uh bony in the build,
Lanky, tall an' lean,
With a face thet more'n like
Struck your eye ez "mean."
Yit my fool-head somehow got
Primed with the idee
Thet a heap o' sense was hid
Deep in Lizzie B.

Thinksuz I, "A harnsome face
Ain't no sign o' brain;
I've a po'rful wit myse'f,
Though I'm sort-uh plain."
So I sot myse'f to git
Stuff enough to see
My way cl'ar to biddin' fer
Thet thar Lizzie B.

* * * * *

"Did she prove to be ez fine
Ez I jedged?" you say;
Man! she won the two-year stakes
This last Derby-day.

E. W. MC GLASSON.

THE EASIEST WAY.

JONES, having sent a stupid servant to do an errand, was greatly annoyed on finding that he had done exactly the opposite of what he had been ordered.

"Why, you haven't common-sense," he remonstrated.

"But, sir"——

"Shut up! I should have remembered that you were an idiot. When I'm tempted to send a fool on an errand again I'll not ask you—I'll go myself."

AN UNTRUE STORY.

Gentleman—"Some one was telling me, Sambo, that you never went to a political caucus without a seven-shooter."

Sambo—"Dat's whar de gemman am wrong, sah."

Gentleman—"Then there is no truth in the story?"

Sambo—"Not a wud, sah. Dis chile doan nebber go to a kaukus widout a nine-shootah."

DIDN'T LIKE THAT KIND.

"WHY do you object to playing in the coast-towns?" was asked of an actor in the east.

"Oh, there are so many light houses," was the reply.

A VALID OBJECTION.

Boiler-maker—"There is only one woman who objects to my erecting a factory on that plot of land in Harlem."

Friend—"Is that so? What is her objection?"

Boiler-maker—"Well, she says she doesn't like Wagner's music."

AT A CHICAGO RECEPTION.

MRS. BULLRING—"Who is that little fellow who is attracting so much attention out there?"

MRS. WHEATON—"That's Nipitski, the wonderful theosophist."

MRS. BULLRING—"Oh, I do so hope you asked him to bring the instrument with him!"

POETRY IN LIQUIDS.

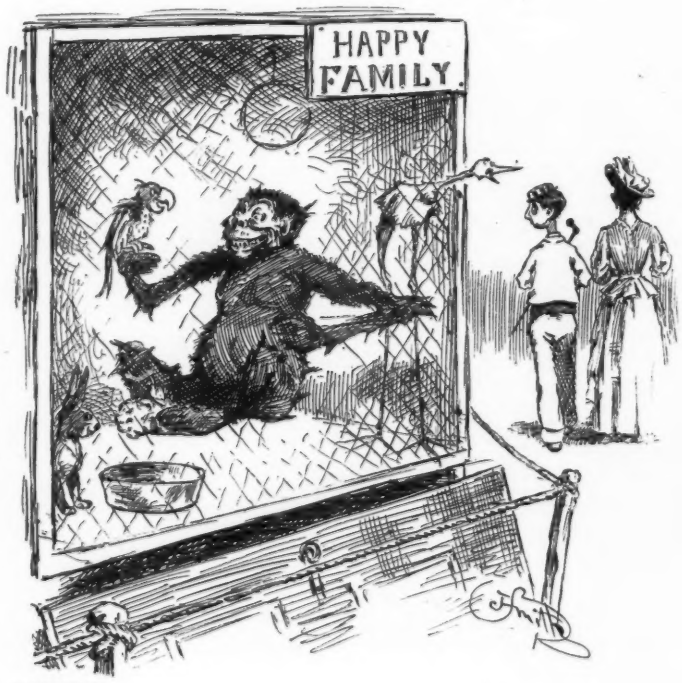
AMERICAN drinks found in a hotel in Geneva, Switzerland: Prairie oysters, Chinese cocktail, Locomotive, Hot milk-punch, Forget-me-not, Pick-me-ups, Fisherman's prayer, Spanish delight.

TWO'S COMPANY

"SAY, old man, will you come to the theatre with me to-night?"

"To-night? Why I thought you were going to take Miss Barlow."

"So I am, but her mother has to go along as well; so if you will come with us I promise you plenty of opportunity to win mamma's good graces."



A HIDDEN INSULT.

MR. WRIDLEY—"Did you hear that, Minerva? That horrid monkey said 'Shoot the dude' as plain as day! I think we'd better go."

THE MONKEY (*in the sign language*)—"Much obliged, Polly. You get half my dinner for that good turn."

CARL PRETZEL'S PHILOSOPHY.

Postmasters, marshals and collectors should be elected by the people.

A kiss and a sewing-machine are somewhat alike. They are both good for a feller.

Der man in der honey moon don'd vas so shteadfast as der feller in der efery nite time moons.

Ven der vorld did said someting good about you, it vas sure, been dot, which you know all about it.

It vas luckiness dot makes some fellers great. Dhey don'd could get brains und goot sences dot vay, already.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

THE SONG OF THE CAN'T-GET-THERE.

For the few-and-far-between,
For the very-seldom-seen,
For the un-catch-hold-uponable I sigh!
The unclutchable I'd clutch,
The untouchable I'd touch,
For the ungrabbed and ungrabable I die!

Oh, I burn and sigh and clasp
For the just-beyond-the-grasp,
For the far un-overtakable I yearn;
And the vulgar here-and-now
I ignore and disavow,
And the good-enough-for-others, how I spurn!

Oh, I moan and cry and screech
For the just-beyond-the-reach,
The too-far-away-to-grab I would ensnare;
The ungainable I'd gain,
The unattainable attain,
And chase the un-catch-onto to his lair!
—*S. W. Foss in the Yankee Blade.*

The genuine Angostura Bitters cure indigestion and restore the appetite. Every druggist keeps them. Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons, sole manufacturers.

FIVE FOWL SAYINGS.

The hen is very methodical. She lays out her work every morning.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

When the rooster gets a comb he reaches the top notch of his ambition.—*Merchant Traveler.*

The hen is a splendid example of perseverance, but she is an example you can't always set.—*Terre Haute Express.*

The giddy young hen will be glad to learn that it is becoming quite the feminine fad to wear a red comb on the head.—*Binghamton Herald.*

It has been so hot in Arizona people had to feed their hens cracked ice to keep them from laying hard-boiled eggs.—*Binghamton Republican.*

Packer's
Tar Soap

Used daily for Toilet, Bath or Shampoo is a Hygienic Luxury; invaluable for Skin Diseases, Dandruff, Baldness, and the Complexion. 25 cents. Druggists.

☞ Sample, 4 stamps if JUDGE is mentioned. Address,

THE PACKER M'F'G CO. 100 Fulton st. N.Y.

YOUMANS
CELEBRATED HATS.
Style and Quality Unequaled.
180—719—1107 Broadway.

"DRUMMER" WISDOM.

If time were money the tramp would be rolling in wealth.

The put-a-penny-in-the-slot machine is thoroughly centsible.

The great difficulty about advice is the predominance of quantity over quality.

The pugilist is a popular personage. He is likely at any time to make a hit.

A man is not always popular simply because he plays cards in a win sum way.

The monkey goes to the sunny side of the tree when he wants a warmer climb.

It is not surprising to find that air-ship schemes are supported entirely on wind.

The dog who won't keep off the street is likely to have discretion pounded into him.

The fall poet is making the annual collection of spring verses ashamed of itself.

The boy of to-day wouldn't kick a hole in his drum to see what was inside. He'd look for a place to put a nickel in the slot.—*Merchant Traveler.*

BERTON "SEC" CHAMPAGNE.

Case one dozen bottles, $30.00, net. Case two dozen half-bottles, $32.00, net.

TAUTOLOGICAL.

I spoke to her of books renowned
That had marked epochs on our earth;
Of poets whom time's laurels crowned,
And I bewailed our decade's dearth
Of men of letters and its need,
To which she lisped, "Oh, yes, indeed!"

I spoke to her of ancient art;
Described famed marbles, and the one
That shows Junonian serpents dart
About Troy's priest, Laocoön—
The tale in Virgil she could read.
To which she lisped, "O, yes, indeed!"

I spoke of glorious works that shone
Irradiate through centuries dark—
The great cathedral of Cologne,
And mediæval works of mark—
Then stopped to ask if she gave heed,
To which she lisped, "O, yes, indeed!"

The hours wore drearily away;
I searched the store-rooms of my brain,
And wondered what on earth to say
That her response might change its strain.
I spoke of science, love, her creed—
She only lisped, "O, yes, indeed!"

Until, in agonized despair,
I turned and took her hand and said,
"Miss Vera, you are sweet and fair,
Your lips of such bewitching red—
Could you forgive the dire misdeed
Of kissing them?" "O, yes, indeed!"
—*Felix N. Gerson in Philadelphia Ledger.*

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for Children Teething; soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and diarrhœa. 25 cents a bottle.

THE BABIES.

Little Bessie—"Fred, what do you think? Mr. Stokes had a perplexity fit yesterday." *Master Fred*—"Perplexity fit? Oh, dear, what a girl! You mean a parallel stroke."—*Harper's Young People.*

A little girl on Fourteenth street saw a tally-ho coach come down the hill the other day and heard the music of the horns. "Mamma," she asked thoughtfully, "can cows blow their horns like that?"—*Washington Post.*

Young hopeful—"Papa, you said if I'd read the obituaries of great men in the paper every day for a year you'd give me a gold watch. Well, I did, and the year is up." *Fond father*—"Very well, Bob; but I said you must read intelligently and draw a lesson from the lives of those who have won fame and fortune. Now what have you most particularly observed in your reading?" *Young hopeful*—"I noticed that nearly all the great men fitted themselves for one thing and then got rich or famous at something else."—*London Society.*

A small boy in Le Droit park was told by the nurse that if he was bad the devil would come up out of the ground and carry him off. That afternoon he was discovered on the brink of a deep hole which he had dug in the back yard, defiantly calling, "Debble, debble!"—*Washington Post.*

The Kodak.

"You press the button, we do the rest."

THE ONLY CAMERA THAT ANYBODY CAN USE WITHOUT INSTRUCTION.

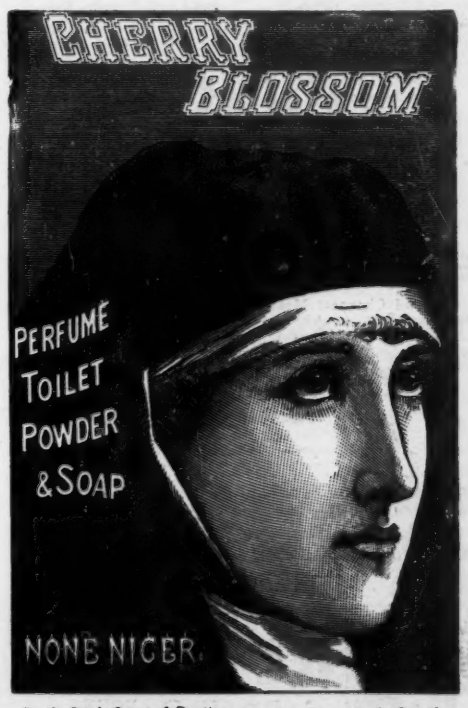
PRICE, $25.00.
Loaded for 100 Pictures.

For sale by all Photo. Stock Dealers.

Send for copy of Kodak Primer, with sample photograph.

The Eastman Dry Plate and Film Co.,
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

THE CELEBRATED
SOHMER
PIANOS
Are at present the Most Popular and Preferred by Leading Artists.
Warerooms, 149, 151, 153, 155 East 14th St., N. Y.
SOHMER & CO.,
PHILADELPHIA, PA., 1318 Chestnut Street; CHICAGO, ILL., 236 State Street; SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., Union Club Building; ST. LOUIS, MO., 1522 Olive Street; KANSAS CITY, MO., 1123 Main St.



In the High Court of Justice.—Gosnell v. Durrant.—On Jan. 28, 1887, Mr Justice Chitty granted a Perpetual Injunction with costs restraining Mr. George Reynolds Durrant from infringing Messrs. John Gosnell & Co.'s Registered Trade Mark CHERRY BLOSSOM.

PREMIÈRE QUALITÉ CIGARETTE.

A SUPERB ARTICLE. The standard of purity and excellence. The faultless union of two matchless tobaccos prevents that dryness of the throat usually produced by smoking other brands. Do not allow prejudice to prevent you from giving this incomparable cigarette a trial. It is simply perfection, and a luxury, and not a low-priced article.

Our Vanity Fair and other smoking mixtures are the finest for the pipe.

16 First-prize Medals. *WM. S. KIMBALL & CO.*

I took Cold,
I took Sick,
I TOOK
SCOTT'S
EMULSION
RESULT:
I take My Meals,
I take My Rest,
AND I AM VIGOROUS ENOUGH TO TAKE ANYTHING I CAN LAY MY HANDS ON; getting fat too, FOR Scott's Emulsion of Pure Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda NOT ONLY CURED MY Incipient Consumption BUT BUILT ME UP, AND IS NOW PUTTING
FLESH ON MY BONES
AT THE RATE OF A POUND A DAY. I TAKE IT JUST AS EASILY AS I DO MILK." SUCH TESTIMONY IS NOTHING NEW. SCOTT'S EMULSION IS DOING WONDERS DAILY. TAKE NO OTHER.

CARL UPMANN'S
BOUQUET CIGAR.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.
All genuine CARL UPMANN'S BOUQUET CIGARS have a band bearing his name, as in above cut. This is the finest three-for-a-quarter cigar manufactured in the world. For the past eight years it has been sold by the leading jobbers in the United States, and has steadily increased in popularity and volume, and to-day it stands without a rival. For sale by all first-class Retailers and by the following well-known Jobbers:

Ross W. Weir & Co., New York.
W. H. Fischhofer, New York.
Howard W. Spurr & Co., Boston.
Eldridge & Higgins, Columbus, O.
Henry Straus, Cincinnati, O.
Simon Beer's Sons, Wheeling, W. Va.
Ball, Barnhart & Putman, Grand Rapids, Mich.
Richard D. Bakrow, Louisville, Ky.
Garrett & Sons, Columbus, Ga.
Beerman & Silverman, Atlanta, Ga.
H. W. Bernheim & Co., Montgomery, Ala.
B. Kahn, Santa Fe, N. Mex.
B. F. Moore & Co., Nashville, Tenn.
Sprague, Warner & Co., Chicago.
The Western News Co., Chicago.
Geo. Wright & Bro., Milwaukee, Wis.
Jacob Wellauer & Co., Milwaukee, Wis.
Harrison, Farrington & Co., Minneapolis, Minn.
Jas. H. Brookmire & Co., St. Louis, Mo.
D. M. Steele & Co., Omaha, Neb.
J. S. Brown & Bro., Denver, Col.
Fred. J. Kiesel & Co., Ogden, Utah.
Idelman Bros., Cheyenne, Wyo.
T. C. Power & Bro., Fort Benton, Mont.
Lowenthal & Meyers, Albuquerque, N.M.
S. Guckenheimer & Son, Savannah, Ga.

DOUBLE Breech-Loader $6.75. RIFLES $2.00 PISTOLS 75¢
GUNS
WATCHES, CLOCKS, Etc.
All kinds cheaper than elsewhere. Before you buy, send stamp for Catalogue. Address POWELL & CLEMENT, 180 Main Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S
EXTRACT OF MEAT.
Finest and Cheapest Meat Flavoring Stock for Soups, Made Dishes and Sauces. As Beef Tea, "an invaluable tonic and an agreeable stimulant." Annual sale 8,000,000 jars.
J. v. Liebig
Genuine only with fac-simile of Justus von Liebig's signature in blue across label, as above.
Sold by Storekeepers, Grocers and Druggists.
LIEBIG'S EXTRACT OF MEAT CO., L'td, London.

See the New Game,
REDOUBT
FOR OLD AND YOUNG.
Sold by all
STATIONERS AND TOY DEALERS.
Price, $1.00.

Ely's Cream Balm
is worth $1000 to any
Man, Woman or Child
suffering from
CATARRH.
Apply Balm into each nostril.
ELY BROS., 56 Warren St., New York.

A "SAUCY" BUSINESS LETTER.

"A story is told of a prominent Third street clothing firm," says the Cincinnati *Enquirer*. "Looking over their books, they discovered an account of long standing. 'Write him a saucy letter,' said the junior member to the book-keeper. 'Yes, make it very strong,' replied the senior. The book-keeper followed instructions and penned the following: 'Your account is past due. If you do not settle within ten days we will draw on you at sight.' This letter was handed to the firm.

"'Do you think that is a smart letter?' asked one of them.

"'It is a business one,' said the bookkeeper.

"'Well, I don't think so,' replied the former. 'Give me your pen and I'll show you the way to do it,' and he proceeded to write the following:

"'Who bought my goods? You.

"'Who promised to pay for them? You.

"'Who didn't do so? You.

"'Who is a liar and a thief?

"'Yours.'

"And, after signing the firm's name, he handed the effort chucklingly to the book-keeper."

The Sohmer Piano is the prime favorite for artists for both concert and private use.

ADVICE TO A YOUNG MAN.

So you were a little too pert, and spoke without thinking, did you, my son? And you got picked up right suddenly on your statement, eh? Oh, well, that's all right; that happens to older men than you every day.

I have noticed that you have a very positive way of filing a decision where other men state an opinion, and you frequently make a positive assertion where older men merely express a belief. But never mind; you are young. You will know less as you grow older.

"Don't I mean you will know more?" Heaven forbid, my boy! No, indeed; I mean that you will know less. You will never know more than you do now; never.

If you live to be ten thousand years old you will never again know so much as you do now. No hoary-headed sage, whose long and studious years were spent in reading men and books, ever knew so much as a boy of your age. A girl of fifteen knows about as much, but then she gets over it sooner and more easily.

"Does it cause a pang, then, to get rid of early knowledge?" Ah, my boy, it does. Pulling eye-teeth and molars will seem like pleasant recreation alongside of shredding off great solid slabs and layers of wisdom and knowledge that now press upon you like geological strata.

"But how are you to get rid of all this superincumbent wisdom?" Oh, easily enough, my boy; just keep on airing it; that's the best way. It won't stand constant use, and it disintegrates rapidly on exposure to air. —*Burdette in Brooklyn Eagle.*

THE "REX WHEAT" BOOTHS

at American Institute Fair and American Health Exhibit, Brooklyn, are always crowded with delighted tasters of the new breakfast dish, "Rex Wheat."

The superintendent was talking to the little ones about the plagues of Egypt.

"Now," said he, "can you tell me what the plagues were?"

There were prompt answers, and all but one of the plagues were named. The last one was too much for the school. Thinking to help out the children by suggestion the superintendent said:

"Don't you remember the other? Of course you know what Job had."

A little hand went up.

"Well, Tommy, what was it?"

"Patience."

He was given a "reward of merit."—*Providence Journal.*

CONSUMPTION SURELY CURED.

TO THE EDITOR—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above-named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy free to any of your readers who have consumption, if they will send me their express and post-office address. Respectfully,

T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl Street, New York.

FLIPPANT FANCIES.

You must not stick pins into your grandfather, Johnny, because such an act is likely to hurt the old gentleman's feelings.

Pan-America means all-America, but pan-cake does not necessarily mean all cake. One must be careful in using pans, particularly when they are hot.

It takes a bachelor to comprehend the force of the typographical error which asked, "What is home without another?"—*New York Commercial Advertiser.*

BARRY'S ESTABLISHED 1801
Tricopherous
FOR
THE HAIR
An elegant dressing exquisitely perfumed, removes all impurities from the scalp, prevents baldness and gray hair, and causes the hair to grow Thick, Soft, and Beautiful.
Price, 50 Cents. All Druggists.
BARCLAY & CO., New York.

INSTANTANEOUS CHOCOLATE
NO TROUBLE NO BOILING
THE GREATEST INVENTION OF THE AGE.
EVERY FAMILY SHOULD HAVE IT.
POWDERED, AND PUT UP IN ONE POUND TIN CANS 75¢ PER CAN.
STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON,
INVENTORS AND SOLE MAN'FS. PHILADELPHIA.

THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY
GOOD NEWS TO LADIES.
SPECIAL.—We will send by mail a trial order of 3½ lbs. on receipt of $2.00. Name the kind of tea you are accustomed to using. Greatest inducement ever offered. Now's your time to get up orders for our celebrated Teas and Coffees, and secure a beautiful Gold Band or Moss Rose China Tea Set, Dinner Set, Gold Band Moss Rose Toilet Set, Watch, Brass Lamp, or Webster's Dictionary. For full particulars address
THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO.,
P. O. Box 289. 31 and 33 Vesey Street, New York.

$75 PER MONTH SALARY and expenses paid, any active man or woman to sell a line of Silver Plated Ware, Watches and Jewelry by sample only; can live at home. We furnish Team Free. Full particulars and sample case Free. We mean just what we say, and do exactly as we agree. Address at once,
HORSE & BUGGY FREE
Standard Silverware Co., Boston, Mass.

KNOX'S WORLD-RENOWNED HATS.
ABSOLUTELY PERFECT.
Retail stores, 212 Broadway, corner Fulton st.; 194 5th ave. under Fifth Avenue Hotel; 340 Fulton st., Brooklyn, and 191 & 193 State st., Chicago. Agents for the sale of these high class Hats can be found in every city in the United States.

$3.75 A DAY And steady work right at home for any man or lady. Write at once. Franklin Co., Richmond, Va.

D. L. DOWD'S HEALTH EXERCISER.
FOR BRAIN-WORKERS & SEDENTARY PEOPLE

Gentlemen, Ladies, Youths; the Athlete or Invalid. A complete gymnasium. Takes up but 6 in. square floor-room; new, scientific, durable, comprehensive, cheap. Indorsed by 20,000 physicians, lawyers, clergymen, editors and others now using it. Send for ill'd circular, 40 eng's; no charge. Prof. D. L. Dowd, Scientific Physical and Vocal Culture, 9 East 14th st., New York.

Cheap John Houses are Trying to Imitate
TANSILL'S PUNCH 5¢

THE ONLY PRACTICAL LOW-PRICED
$15 TYPEWRITER
Catalogue free. Address, Typewriter Department, POPE MFG. CO., Makers of *Columbia Cycles*, Boston, New York, Chicago.

Ask your grocer to send you a box of Bent & Co.'s Crackers.

NEVER FAIL TO CURE
SODEN MINERAL PASTILLES.
THROAT CHEST AND LUNGS.

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

EPPS'S COCOA

BREAKFAST.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctor's bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame.—"*Civil Service Gazette.*"

Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in half-pound tins, by Grocers, labelled thus:

JAMES EPPS & Co., Homœopathic Chemists, London, England.

The Clements Safe

Is a wrought-iron, fire-proof, combination-lock safe; is made in all sizes, and sells from $35 upward, including cost of delivery at any railroad-station east of Rocky Mountains. Send for illustrated catalogue.

M. CLEMENTS, Cincinnati, O.
Established 1859.

WANTED—DRIVER

for an Advertising Wagon **in your County**, two to three years work to reliable men. Goods to be advertised in all parts of the United States. We want reliable hands at once to work for us in their own locality and attract public attention to our new and wonderful household inventions in their own county and vicinity by means of an Advertising Wagon. **No peddling**, no experience required. Advertising matter to be nailed up around all principal Cross Roads. **$2.75 per day** and hotel expenses paid to the right parties; everything furnished, money allowed for horse hire and other expenses. Four to six days' work each week. Address with stamp **GLOBE MANUFACTURING CO 287 Vine Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.**
Don't send postals, you can afford to seal your correspondence.

BEST MADE
Fountain, - $1.50
Stylo, - - $1.00
AND UPWARDS.

PENS

Agents Wanted.
Circulars Free.
J. O. ULLRICH & CO.
106 and 108
Liberty St., N. Y.

Established 1865.
WILLIAM RØEMER,
MANUFACTURER OF
Trunks and Traveling Bags,
No. 82 Fifth Avenue,
Corner 14th Street, NEW YORK.

— FOSTER'S —
SELF-PLAYING CARDS

An ordinary pack of cards; but one, two or three can play whist with them (dealt face down) exactly as if four were present. All stationers; or mailed for 75cts. by J. H. PHIPPS, 25 Union Square, New York.

Use Bent & Co.'s Crackers and you will never be without **them.**

SEBASTIAN MOREY'S BABY.

"Babies is a tarnal bother an' nuisance, anyhow,"
Thet's w'at I heerd a feller say; it made me bile, I vow.
"What kin' er devil be ye to talk sich stuff ez that?"
I looked for hoofs beneath his boots, an' horns below his hat.

An' I waltzed up to the scoundril 'ith my fist high in the air,
To plow a furrer thro' his face an' plant my digits there;
"Guess yer haven't seen my baby, for he'd thaw yer frozen soul;
He's a crawlin' lump er sweetness spilled from heaven's own sugar-bowl!"

Sez he, "There ain't much sweetness in a howlin' kid, I swear,
Like a ten-horse-power calliope screechin' at the county fair."
Sez I, "Our boy's a howler, an' knows how to use his voice,
An' jest lifts up his loud bazoo an' cracks the air 'ith noise.

"But his laughter's like a hidden spring that's jest beneath the crust,
So full of everlastin' joy 'twill bubble up an' bust;
He carols like a bobolink that's drunk 'ith mornin' air,
Jest tipsy 'ith the joy er life an' full of I-don't-care!

"His giggle's like a brook that flows thro' pussy-willer trees,
All filled 'ith tumblin' pollywogs and thronged 'ith honey bees;
An' his eyes is jest as full er fun as yer heart is full er spite.
It jest spills out an' slops aroun', an' fills the house 'ith light!

"You jest come up an' see my boy, I think yer heart will melt;
An' if yer hide ain't thicker than a rhi-o-nocerous' pelt,
W'en he pulls yer ol' red whiskers 'ith them stubby han's er hisn,
He'll pull yer starved an' locked-up soul completely out er prison!"

—*S. W. Foss in the Yankee Blade.*

"Bad Breaks" is the title of a little book in the hands of the American News company and printed by Van Rensselaer & Company of this city. It treats of dress at the table, in manner, in speech, etc., and assumes to be the work of one of the 400. The information and suggestion are given in brief, snappy sentences, and the book deserves and will doubtless have a large sale.

AT THE DENTIST'S.

My bosom was the universe,
My soul the surging sea,
Whose roaring billows of content
Leaped heavenward with glee.
And far above their feathery foam,
Where stars with planets cope
To brighten their celestial dome,
Gleamed thousand orbs of hope.

My heart swelled till it filled the space
Between the earth and sky,
Still one brief prayer could find no place
Within its walls to lie;
So on through the ethereal clime
My anthem prayers did flee,
Resounding 'tween the walls of time
And of eternity.

Then heav'n was mine and mine the world,
And mine the stars and sun;
And on through endless space were hurled
My planets, one by one.
The tempest shook his ruffled mane
And charged down at my feet;
Grim death arranged his funeral train,
Wound in his funeral sheet.

All powers above and all below,
Save mine, then ceased to be,
And as I cleft with but one blow
The earth from sea to sea—
The waters, from amazement, could
Not pass the smallest ledge,
And petrified the billows stood
Upon the ocean's edge.

The lightning was a harmless toy,
Too weak to singe a hair,
And all the thunders could destroy
No strain of music there.
My strength, alas! how quickly was
It won and lost! forsooth
The laughing-gas gave out just as
The dentist pulled my tooth.

—*Minneapolis Journal.*

"CABINET SEKT" German Champagne is the purest and best in the world—a select wine of the aristocracy. Depot, 87 Wall Str.

HENING'S IN-DOOR GAME PROFESSIONAL BASEBALL

No Cards, No Dice, SWING YOUR BAT AND THE RESULT FOLLOWS. A scientific game played under League and Association Rules. Price, $1.00, post paid. THE INVENTORS' COMPANY, 65 F BULLITT BUILDING, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Circular and Handsome Picture, "NEW YORK CHAMPIONS." } FREE.

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SKATES
CATALOGUE FREE.
SPRINGFIELD, MASS

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N. Y. C. & H. R. R. R. CO., LESSEE.

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HUDSON RIVER.

POPULAR ROUTE

FOR BUSINESS AND PLEASURE TRAVEL.

Magnificent Sleeping Cars Without Change.

New York and Boston to Buffalo, Toronto, Detroit, Toledo, Chicago and St. Louis.

Sleeping Cars New York to Toronto Exclusively by this Route

Tickets via West Shore on sale at all ticket offices in the United States and Canada.

Ask for tickets via West Shore and see that they read via this route.

POPULAR THEATRES.

NEW YORK CITY.

ACADEMY—14th st., cor. Irving place. Eve. 8:15; Sat. Mat. 2. Gilmore & Tompkins, Proprietors and Managers.
2ND YEAR. DENMAN THOMPSON.
THE OLD HOMESTEAD.

CALLUP NOVELTY WORKS.

W. P. VAN ZILE, Proprietor, FINE LINEN, EXTRA QUALITY.
TROY, N. Y.,
MANUFACTURERS OF
LADIES' AND GENTS' LINEN COLLARS AND CUFFS
TRADE MARK
Boston, 48 Summer Street, Baltimore, 34 Sharp Street; Omaha, 10th & Farnum Sts.; New York, 8 Greene St.
OVERTON.

TRADE E&W MARK
EARL & WILSON'S
LINEN
COLLARS & CUFFS
BEST IN THE WORLD

ORATORS say Piso's Cure for Consumption is THE BEST for keeping the voice clear. 25 cents.

HAPPINESS ASSURED.

Dr. Williams' Indian Pile Ointment will cure blind, bleeding, and itching piles when all other ointments have failed. It absorbs the tumors, allays the itching at once, acts as a poultice, gives instant relief. Dr. Williams' Indian Pile Ointment is prepared only for piles and itching of the private parts, and nothing else. Every box is warranted. Sold by druggists, or sent by mail on receipt of price, 50c. and $1.00 per box.

WILLIAMS M'F'G CO., Prop's,
Cleveland, O.

Established 1801.

Bent & Co's celebrated hand-made water crackers. Guaranteed absolutely pure. Hand-made from choicest flour. They are easy of digestion. Recommended by eminent physicians both sides the Atlantic. Get only the genuine, which bear the stamp of the makers. For more than four-score years the Crackers have been unequaled for their excellence and their superior keeping qualities. They are sold by first-class grocers everywhere. BENT & CO., Milton, Mass.

LOWNEY'S CHOCOLATES AND BON-BONS

By Mail, One And Two Pound Elegant Metal Boxes. Postage Prepaid. $1.00 Per Pound. Larger Packages By Express, Carefully Packed, 75 Cts. Per Pound And Charges. 45 West St. Boston, Mass.

THE CAMARGO CORSET. PARIS MADE.

Faultless in Shape, Perfection in Finish, Highest in Quality.

In ten models and a special shape for equestriennes. Short and Long Waisted, made of Gray and White French Coutil and Black Sateen.

The sale of the above Corset has steadily increased since it was introduced by us two years ago, and it is pronounced the most comfortable and best fitting Corset imported. It is made in Paris expressly to our order, and its sale in the United States is confined exclusively to our firm.

Mail orders receive prompt attention.

Darlington, Runk & Co.
1126 & 1128 Chestnut St.
Philadelphia

ONEITA

Is a most delicious, exhilarating, and sparkling

NATURAL MINERAL WATER,

with most

VALUABLE MEDICINAL PROPERTIES.

It aids digestion and gives tone to the system.

ONEITA SPRING COMPANY,
UTICA, N. Y.
J. M. BELL & CO., 31 Broadway, New York.

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And STEREOPTICONS, all prices. Views illustrating every subject for PUBLIC EXHIBITIONS, etc. ☞ *A profitable business for a man with a small capital.* Also, Lanterns for Home Amusement. 152 page Catalogue free. McALLISTER, Mfg. Optician, 49 Nassau St., N.Y.

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest.

CATARRH

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AUTUMN QUIPS.

THE MACHINE BARD.

The poet sits up near the sun
And weaves fall verses by the hour.
If you should ask him how 'tis done
He'll say, "By autumn-attic power."
—*New York Sun.*

HUMILIATING.

A false report comes o'er the sea,
"The prince of Wales has gout,"
And for a time the dudes did limp
Most painfully about.

Now when the news was proven false
The dudes all felt remorse,
And confidentially told their friends
They had the Charley horse.
—*Munsey's Weekly.*

SILENCE INTENSE.

There's a big blunderbus at the window;
There's a cat on the back-yard fence;
There's a shot; there's a squall,
And a long caterwaul,
And then—there is silence intense.
—*Washington Capital.*

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Beware of Imitations. NOTICE AUTOGRAPH OF Stewart Hartshorn ON LABEL AND GET THE GENUINE HARTSHORN

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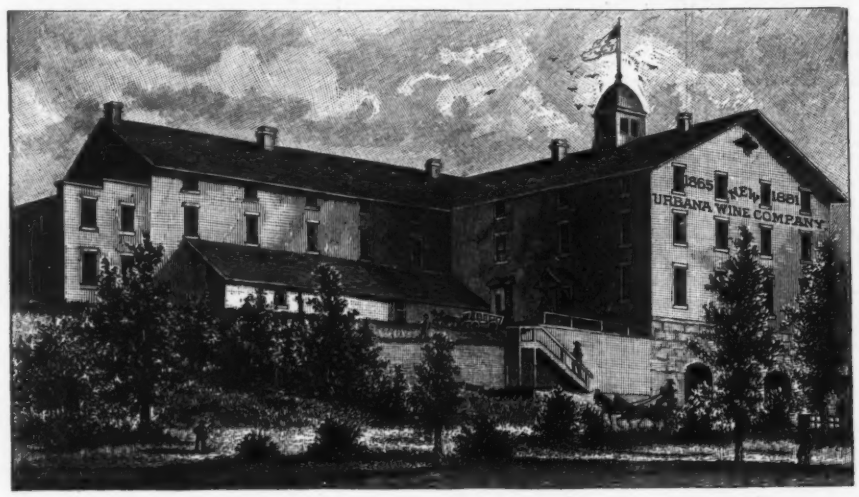

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MODENE

AND THE GROWTH DESTROYED WITHOUT SLIGHTEST INJURY OR DISCOLORATION TO THE SKIN.

Discovered by Accident. In compounding another preparation, the incomplete mixture was accidentally spilled on the back of the hand, and on washing afterward it was discovered that the hair was completely removed. We purchased the new discovery and named it MODENE. It is perfectly pure, free from all injurious substances, and guaranteed to be as harmless as water. It is so simple any one can use it, and you will be surprised and delighted with the results. It acts mildly but surely. Apply for a few minutes, then wash off and the hair goes with it. It has no connection whatever with any other preparation ever used for like purposes, and no scientific discovery has ever obtained such wonderful results. IT CANNOT FAIL. If the hair be thin and fine, one application will remove it permanently. The heavy growth, such as the beard, or hair on moles, may require two or more applications before all the roots are destroyed, although all hair will be removed each application. Young persons who find an embarrassing growth of hair coming should use Modene to early destroy its growth.

RECOMMENDED BY ALL WHO HAVE TESTED ITS MERITS—USED BY PEOPLE OF REFINEMENT

Gentlemen who do not appreciate nature's gift of a beard will find a priceless boon in Modene, which does away with shaving. Modene sent by mail, postage paid (securely sealed from observation) on receipt of price, $1.00. Send money by letter, with your full address written very plainly. 2-cent postage stamps received the same as cash. (ALWAYS MENTION YOUR COUNTY AND THIS PAPER.)

AGENTS WANTED. { Address MODENE MANUFACTURING CO., CINCINNATI, O. MANUFACTURERS OF THE HIGHEST GRADE HAIR PREPARATIONS. You can register your letter at any post-office and insure its safe delivery.

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Green Turtle, Terrapin, Chicken, Consommé, Mullagatawny, Mock Turtle, Ox-tail, Tomato, Chicken Gumbo, French Bouillon, Julienne, Pea, Printanier, Mutton Broth, Vegetable, Beef, Clam Broth

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See what my customers think of the gloves I am sending them:

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MR. HUTCHINSON, DEAR SIR—I use, and have used for many years constantly, gloves of many kinds and makes, and have never found a *better* glove than yours.

I never have got from you any cheap or imperfect goods. The make and fit are first-class.

Yours, etc., CH. C. LARRABEE, M.D.

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He wooed her and sued her and sought her
Till he melted her heart so cold,
Then he married the ice-man's daughter
And now he is rolling in gold.
—*Boston Courier.*

$100 A BOTTLE.

Read this letter if you suffer from asthma; it is one of thousands like it.

TESTIMONIALS OF THE CURED.

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GENTLEMEN,—I have been troubled with asthma from my youth; your agent gave me a sample bottle of Broncholine, and I found the greatest relief, and have since been buying of one of our druggists (A. S. Pearson). I also gave it to the undersigned and they found great relief at once. I would not sell the bottle I have *for one hundred dollars* if I could not get another. ALONZO WINNE, Albany, N. Y.

A FEW OTHER TESTIMONIALS.

June 16th, 1887.—Was troubled with asthma seven years; cured with the use of half a bottle of Broncholine. Would not be without it if it cost $10 a bottle. W. A. REYNOLDS, of Hudson, N. Y.

CANAJOHARIE, N. Y., February 26th, 1886.—The forewoman of our cotton department (Arkell & Smith's flour-sack manufactory) has been troubled with asthma for many years. I gave her a bottle of Broncholine, and it gave her such relief she wishes me to order five bottles for her. Ship and send bill to us. ARKELL & SMITH, per Vosburgh.

Enclosed find three dollars. Please send me by express Broncholine to that amount. My wife has received great benefit from your remedy. P. P. HAYES, Colon, Saunders Co., Neb.

The Douw H. Fonda Drug Company of Albany, N. Y., is the general wholesale agent for Broncholine. It is for sale by druggists everywhere. If you cannot get it send $1.00 to the Douw H. Fonda Drug Company, wholesale druggists, Albany, N. Y., and a bottle of it will be forwarded. *Sample free when applied for.* Six bottles will be forwarded for $5.00.

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Nassau---Cuba---Mexico

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